Box 3 F8

Deaths

Charles Coleman - Albany, Ga.
Charles Coleman - Thomasville Ga.
Clarence Leroy Solomon Jr. - Albany Ga.
Corey Acred - Washington, Ga.
Stuart Moses - Albany, Ga
James Norwood - Toledo, Ohio
Roderick Richardson - Toledo, Ohio
Artist Barnes -
Leon James - Columbus, Ga.
Alonzo Thompson - Atlanta, Ga.
Jomeka (Lawrence brother)
Nicholas Solomon - Albany, Ga. 2/20/95
Gary Griffin - Austin, Texas
Freddy Davis - Atlanta, Ga. 3/18/95
Jerry (MARC NUMA's X-Lover) - Atlanta Ga
Jerry (one of my first roommates) - Atlanta, Ga
Early Volunteer @ IDP
Jerry Burton -
David Johnson - Columbus, Ga.
Greg Kile - Atlanta, Ga
John Bailey - Atlanta, Ga
White Woman from Grimsville - Paul
Chatty Cathy -
Anderson Griffin - Atlanta, Ga.
Lolloyd Butcher
Essex Hemphill
Steven Carey Morehouse College Professor
Nate
William Carey - murdered
Reggie Martin - Atlanta, Ga
Andrew Holloway - Albany, Ga.

MURDER IN WASH. DC

Roy Robinson ?
D. Bateman
Wilcox
Mr. Peters

758-7330
LYNDSEY

N.C.

I MADE ME

NOV/2 94

Mascara made my lashes longer

a Black maker my eye brows thicker
and gave some definition to my otherwise
sparse mustache

a lightly applied base (Honey Gold FASHION FAIR) hid
the blemishes, reminders of adolescence

a Hot comb blew my hair out, a wisp laid to the side
~~Spoke it~~
And lord when my mother saw, she
nearly died

Stacks gave me height, Nature gave
me hips, lips and yes finger tips

Intelligence ~~made~~ provided me with conversation,
my Love for reading Characters to hide behind

I borrowed things from most I encountered
a glance here, a stare there
A tip of the hand, a turn of the head,
a sway of the hips
An accent here, pronunciation there, all part
of what you see

I made me, carefully ~~and with much thought~~
Recreated and rediscovered me over and over
~~again~~
I've redefined and relived me
I've come full circle 365 times this
year alone

I used them all to MAKE ME

These meager drapings, these foul scrapings, these borrowed THINGS

You need a child to the ELDERS

Every responsible, mature, intelligent adult who considers him or herself a productive part of the blak KWEER community should be nurturing a KWEER teen or younger person to become a productive member of the community.
This will help to build bridges over the generation gaps and to ensure that our communities thrive and grow in strength and spirituality.

You need Family to the CHILDREN

The BRIGHT LIGHTS of the BIG CITY had proved to be too much for this small town boy. After almost a month in the hospital, I reluctantly ran for the safest place I knew - South west Georgia, Momie, sweet potatoe pies, fried cornbread, grits and collard greens!

NOV 12 94

Well he's good to me most of the time
Feeds me well, most of the time
Keeps me warm most of the time
AND he really only hits me when I do
stupid shit
Like ask to go outside after being
locked in the house all day
OR begg to get out of this cage he
has for me so I can ~~get~~ stretch my
limbs
Sometimes hes just in a bad mood
and he grab the first thing within
reach and lets my black ass have it
He's not mean, or unkind
Sometimes he uncaring
But most times I think he's frustrated
or in pain
So I don't complain and I've learned that
if I scream loud enough before he
strikes me, he usually wont

He's resorted to intimidation now
He knows exactly how frighted of him
I am
I try to anticipate his moods and stay
clear when its foul
I just have one problem I keep wanting
affection especially from him
JUS want him to say hey, whats up,
how was your day
ROLL me over on my back in the middle
of that nice bed
~~Scratch~~ Rub my stomach, pinch a nipple
He doesn't feel that very often

I think its because he's an artist
Because he's creative
All that kinda stuff must take up a
lot of ~~time~~ energy and concentration
I just pray that he gets better
me, I'm gonna survive
He could beat me until I'm blue in one
eye and can't see out the other
I would still be better off than
he
I love unconditionally without
limitations and I can forgive any
and everyone that wrongs me
If you hit that motherfucker, do you
think he would forgive you.
I DON'T WANT TO There

Tears are the immortal offerings of Gods
They are the comforters accompanying Pain
Tears are a humbling instrument to the pheasants
They are the rain of things felt, not told

7/05/88

9/1/95

You know,

I remember how

sweet your spirit is,

how satisfying and intoxicating the

nectar that spilled from your lips

as we engaged in unending conversations

I remember the power of the

baptismal that was our tears,

washing one another in the joy that

is Love

Our urgency to taste the fruit sit

at the table before us are almost

painful as our lips missed into one

as I showed
Thank You
Lord

321-1653
327 JAYE

HD241 MARK
7587

797-8997
EARL

Stopping to catch our breath,
We were captured in the tide of ~~Longing~~ yearning
Laying in each other arms, holding the other
desperately we began to pray
for the blessing that was our meeting
for the blessing that was in our sharing
for the blessing that was our faith
for the blessing that was our spiritual
unfolding ~~begin in~~ for the blessing that is
Love and has been set forth into the
Universe so that we would claim it as
Our own

Tony
95

You will never know the chill that quickly
devours my soul
I Reaching out to you, hiding nothing
Giving all, vulnerable to Love

Did the fascination go away or did you lie
I was always honest and open
Forcing you to lie and hide
As good as it to be expected from
anything less than a man.

After

One day I'll awaken in a city where life is for those who are no more. Where everyone is everyone yet and individual. Where there is no need for fashion or form. Where all the secrets of life are known. For the living is over and the pain is gone.

1/15/86

The DANCE

When the music starts, another dimension is entered by all who hear
I even feel it - then something special happens
The music senses that I feel it and it reaches for me
We become an extension of the other
Together we live - we get free until we reach a happy medium.

1/30/97

There are so many trying situations that arise in the course of life of a black man. If that black man also happens to be gay or bisexual the variables can change greatly. Our reaction can become intense, erratic, and in some cases violent if we are under a combination of all these; ie Black gay and HIV+. We can become besieged by fear, crippled by paranoia and held hostage by SILENCE. When one stops to ponder the struggles of Black folks in general & think it's easy to see why we, Black gay & living with AIDS person, feel so vulnerable under attack from so many directions.

MARCH 95

Can I get enough before I die....
You think that might be possible!?
Can I get enough Lord to keep fear @ bay
Can I get enough laughter to make me rise
You with my eyes open
(Can I get enough money to help even a little with my burial)
Can I get enough understanding to inspire my people to TALK about this Pandemic (VIRUS DISEASE)
Can I get enough sex to make me ready for the final reduction
Can I get enough sex to keep my mouth open for dusp @ the time
Can I get enough sex to sustain my spirits journey home
Can I get enough time to THINK about getting enough TIME So I can give a little more

9/03/88

On this battlefield many a victory have
I won
And I [redacted] basked in the joy of their
embarassment
On this battlefield many an emotion
have I pulled from my opponets throat
Making them wish theyd never initiated
battle [redacted] with a lound ouch and I
They dare to ask me why, why, am I
such as I am
But the answer is on their lips, yet they
pretend not to know it
Here, on this battlefield is the most
desolate place I know
The rules, there are known - you take each
step by ear, feeding on your opponets
fear
This place, I do so hate, its a part of me
time, but best forgot it is - for once
the battle begins - it turns into an even
deadlier game that engulfes the dark side
of my soul
I was the, twas the who judged me
fore they knew me
When judged and treated as such, one
acts accordingly
On this battlefield many a scar
and wound have I collected
The pain they bring is constant, the tears
dry, never ending.

Call Troy

Call Michael Early

Call Charlene

Alysha Brooks 777-908-3904

8/1/84 – 8/3/88

And so doth Life go on
forever aimlessly dishing one
catastrophe after the other
forcing you to deal with times that
are trying, people who are uncaring,
and jobs that are unsatisfying.
You look into the mirror and you
ask yourself, "Why?"
Realizing that your situation is no worse
or better than anyone else's you know
pick up the pieces to this meandering puzzle,
this satirical irony, and get on with
it.
Stretching one hand to the heavens, which is where
the created is paid, to be, the other over my heart,
which is where he is for me
I cry out in a plea for a compassionate listen-
"Oh father, hear me now!" Be near me
sweet Jesus. We need you Lord.
Then as I catch myself, I look around
and see there's no one there but me. Confused
I end my [illegible] prayer that resembles a
schizophrenic fit.
"Never forsake me Lord, and be patient
with me." I'm still learning, but I do believe

8/5/93

Leave things past buried, best
kept as an unspoken memory
Learned lesson filed away for future
reference

8/5/93

Lrac

Why have you come to claim my soul
this way
Loving me totally without limitation
Maddening me through your character
letting the moon do the rest
Standing there under its full glory
So bright and mysterious, reflecting the light
of heaven
Black flesh and silver dust do a dance that
takes the mind and captures the heart
The beast is set free, and she howls like
a stray after a kill
Come away the air is damp and nature has
set free her soldiers
The beast is calm now
From yet a few utterings of his breath
She sleeps now, and he will awaken in the
morn

I never leave the house expecting
catastrophic event to occur
but sometimes they do
On a beautiful brisk autumn day
on the way from the doctors
in a chariot I paid for
while riding down ~~the~~ Boleward
admiring the boys, ~~the~~ men on the corner
on the stoop, in the parks, @ the curb
I relaxed and my body became comfortable
and settled into the ~~chair~~ seat and just leaned
back
The wait on my chariot, my weakened state,
and desire for more comfort betrayed me
The air became alive and thick with the
smell of what my bowels had released
Imagine the look on the drivers face
Thank God he had home training
he merely let both back windows down
about ¼ of the way to let the brisk air
catch and disperse the foul odor and
hurriedly brought my chariot to a stop
@ my front door.

4/13/97

Alone

surrounded by family & friends
shut off from emotional display
in a room with no door... I vent

Rejoicing

~~wanting to~~ reach out to someone... anyone...
~~trapped with~~ grief ~~as~~ an immediate resource for release
No one to bear witness no one to ~~testify~~ legal me

Waiting on death → my reluctant friend

the buddy that I always had never

embraced (or met)

11/23/95

Never been to the Grand Canyon
Never walked on the beaches of Hawaii
Never toured the National Museum of History
Or talked to Mickey @ Disney Land
Never been to the City of Bethlehem
Or seen the crack in the Liberty Bell
Never seen the faces carved in the side of the mountain
Never seen a play on Broadway
Never heard a sound from the Metropolitan

(404) 595-5819

AUG 11 94

This feeling is so complety ailenating. The feeling that I don't feel. The feeling that is unidentifiable. It has no name, it just exist, it just is. It is the same feeling that you get every time you bury a brother who is your friend and had no idea he'd been sick. And it happens more often, and we're dying younger all the time. Its the feeling you get when you look into the faces of family and see the bewilderment not only in their eyes, but in the reflection of you. in their eyes. It is the same feeling that washes as the body is descends into the ground, and all you can think of it where is my friend. I can no longer feel his presence, my universe is without him. I can no longer smell his breath, hear his voice, his song. I am without yet another friend, and there will be no more conversation, no more disagreements on who's a diva and who's not no more discussions about the unwillingness of we to just be without constant justification. And it is the same feeling that brings no tears, just a hard clump in the throat, a suffocating mass of this nameless feeling.

Jan 95

Self Portrait

I sat there looking @ his emaciated body
Resembling only a shadow of the gorgeous and
vibrant black man he had once been
But his eyes, OH LORD, his eyes! they were as
big, brown, expressive and alive as they had always
been
Don't go, don't go today, wait, just wait, hold
on just a little while longer
STOP BEING SO DAMN SELFISH!
What will I do without you, how will I go on living?
Who'll caress me in the middle of the night? Who will
chase away the voices that won't let me sleep?

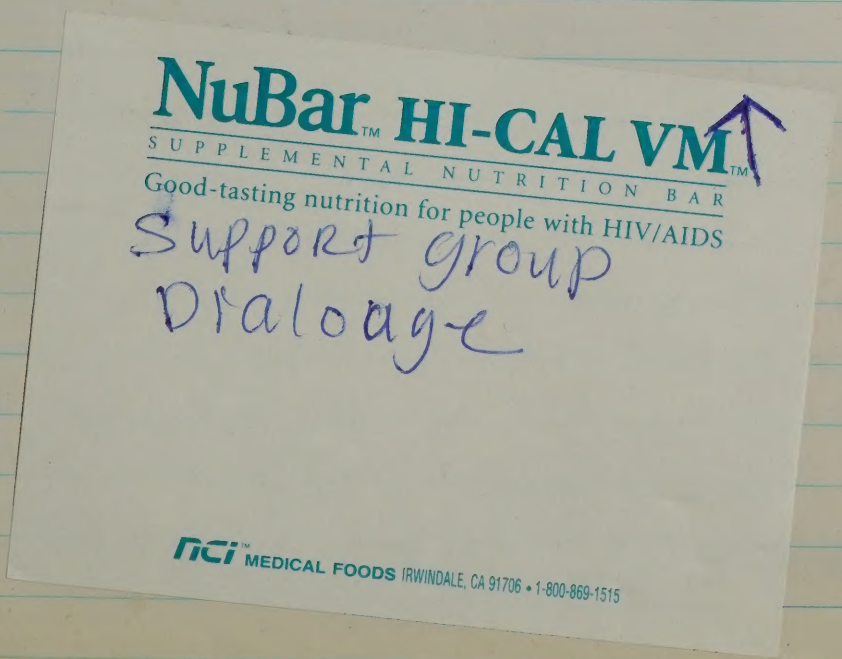
11/03/95

At this time in my life, I would not look upon death with slanted Eyes. My perception of death has changed drastically in the last 10yrs. That has been the first and foremost thing for my rediriction. Secondly, I've grown so much in consciousness. Third I'd have to say that my spirit contains no shackles, maybe the remenants of chains but no more shackles. Therfor I can make this statement and truly embrace it, just as I would if death came a calling - with open arms, receive its blessing of transcending flesh and move from this space into the universe.

Here and now
Truth is visible and undisguised
A decade wait
awakens thought supressed
Remenants of chains remain
shackles are disgarded
Perception changes while
Caressing freedoms spine
Embraces the dark caller
in arms open wide
Receiving its blessings

Sep 2 94

I could no longer sit and watch in silence
The contemptuous acts against self
The silence was surrounding me
Like a large grey billowing cloud
determined to envelope me in darkness
Anger ran through my veins
Pulsing, vibrating, flowing sustaining life
Fear caught me by the throat
Holding me there in mid air



And though I stand with my head held high
I'm Praying for the strength to do what Spirit has asked of me
The task seems to dwarf me and make me appear infantile
My body wracked with convulsions it does not understand
My heart filled with ~~Love~~ that I'm terrified to give
I hide behind walls of anger, lashing out at all who exist on anything other than what is raw and real
No, It ain't easy
but it ain't over till its over

NuBar™ HI-CAL VM™

SUPPLEMENTAL NUTRITION BAR

Good-tasting nutrition for people with HIV/AIDS

Speak's monologue @ the funeral

nci™ MEDICAL FOODS IRWINDALE, CA 91706 • 1-800-869-1515

NuBar HI-CAL VM™

SUPPLEMENTAL NUTRITION BAR

Good-tasting nutrition for people with HIV/AIDS

Conversation from the support group

MEDICAL FOODS IRWINDALE, CA 91706 • 1-800-869-1515

MAR CH/95
I could not shed tears for you
Tears for me are only shed when
death is called upon as a last resort
death was the solution you needed to
remove you from this suffering, it was
~~necessary~~
So there will no tears shed for you my
brother
I rejoiced with great laughter and a tremendous
feeling of renewal flooded my being
My cup became full, It runneth over
It could no longer hold the fluids of this Life

Feb 95 Man can't rob us of our souls, so they take our
physical strength
Leaving us ashen barren shells of our former
souls

AIDS a 14 yr old white female with a 9MM and
a switch blade and an accomplice but not responsible for — she a murderess
a psycho path to her DEATH BED
Haven't she's was manufactured
NOT BORN

MAR 95
Can I get enough before I die
Sex and Death

Double rider apart Horse

Affirmation

1/28/97

I am Black
I am Gay
I am a man
and I have AIDS
Ive been called a nigger
Ive been called a faggot
Ive been ~~called~~ refered to as feminine
a if that denotes weakness
and ~~a~~ a disease infected Bitch
~~Sometimes~~ At one time those remarks
hurt, but now my only request is
that when you call me names - say it
with conviction Say it like you mean it
~~Call me like you know~~

I hear academic
I am black
I am gay
I have AIDS